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THE ANCHOR

Vol. XIII--No. 7.
April, 1900

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"Spera in Deo."

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VOLUME XIII.

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The Crimson and the Black.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

"Charming, those Eaton sisters! Especially the younger one, the very personification of merriment! Come Old Thoughtful, confess now!" said Sophomore number one to Sophomore number two on their way to the depot.

"They certainly are all that, but you are a trifle partial. I insist that the older one shall bear off the palm. She is a superlative girl", said Dudley.

"Seeing you are so quarrelsome tonight, I'll say yes and mean no. Did you see *Who* led *Which* in the finale?" asked his comrade.

"I saw those who were before me. Cap. offered his arm to the Soprano singer, a Miss Nelson I believe. Rex tripped off with the Doctor's daughter. Glastonburg singled out the dark one with glasses. I noticed they were cooing rather sweetly all the evening. Brown made love to the lady of the house and thus escaped the ordeal. Shiner ran off with the girl I had set my heart on, but I don't regret it now tho."

"And who may that be?" interrupted Mills.

"Never mind", resumed Dudley adjusting his glasses. I lost a queen but found a goddess. Venus presides over these doings you know."

"Oh! indeed"! from Mills, "then I must have offended grievously; for I induced Cap. to throw me in the younger Miss Eaton's company, if possible. I picked my plum in the sunshine."

"I thought so. Just like you", said Dudley. "Five minutes

before train time! I see most of the fellows are back", and the two joined a group on the station platform.

"Hello fellows! Good time"? asked Mills.

"Yes! and so have others! Look there"! said one pointing toward something beside the baggage room door.

"It's not surprising. Tecumseh! Tecumseh! in an evil hour we left you to the tender mercies of the spoilers. Ruthless hands have stripped you of your glory."

"Give us a word of advice instead of pronouncing an elegy over it. What shall we do with all this glory as you term it"? interrupted one.

"Take it back with us, of course", ventured some one.

"Impossible", replied another. "It is addressed to Cap's father. He is well known here. The agent refuses to hand it over to us. 'Against the rules of the company', he says."

"There comes our train now", said several together, as the headlight flashed around the bend.

"Better send Cap. a postal telling him to have the agent send it back tomorrow", suggested Dudley swinging himself aboard the train.

The rest followed his example and stoically the Sophomores turned the conversation to the more pleasant topic of the evening's entertainment.

Old Tecumseh attracted considerable attention the next morning. The Sophomores, under pretense of a late roost, did not appear very early on the scene. Chagrined as they were, they could not keep the story secret. A full account of the raid, illustrated by flash light photographs of the spoil in different stages of transportation, helped to explain matters.

The Spring term brought with it fine weather, and the students of Musefield turned their attention to out-door sports. Naturally base-ball became the rage. It was customary at Musefield for the Sophomores and Freshmen to cross bats before regular team work began. There was an opinion current among base-ball men that the Freshman class possessed some promising players. Enthusiasts were anxious for the opening games that they might select such of the aspirants as showed themselves worthy of team practice. The Juniors again came to the aid of the infants, and gave them a few pointers on base-ball at Musefield. The wiles of the Sophomore pitcher were exposed. His ins were harmless; his outs seldom covered the plate; drops he had none, and high balls were numerous. A cool head and good judgment were all that was necessary.

In practicing with the Juniors it was found that Craig and Bartlett were fairly good twirlers, Bartlett striking out two men in succession. VanDuss could find a ball anywhere in a cubic space ten feet square over first base. McDowell gathered ground-

ers in a manner that saved the batter much running. Dwight wore the mask and he could make matters exciting at headquarters.

The day for the opening game was a fair one, and great numbers flocked to Athlius Field, to watch the game. The Sophomore sympathizers stretched along the line toward first base. Those of the Freshman toward third. The Crimson and Black had 'outs'. The first four innings were characterized by cool, careful playing on both sides but in the fifth excitement ran high. The Freshmen had succeeded in sending three men to bases with no outs. "VanDuss at bat", shouted the score-keeper. The mighty man picked out from the pile of bats the heaviest wagon tongue, stepped up to the plate and, rolling the heavy end of his bat over his shoulder, he awaited the ball. It came. He struck a staggering blow. A blast of horns and the roll of drums drowned the voice of the umpire; but the Sophomores heard it. VanDuss unmoved, rolling his bat again awaits the ball. Again there is commotion over the plate. A shivered bat flies into the diamond. The ball growing smaller is lost behind the fence that bounds the horizon. VanDuss sees it not. He hears his comrades shout, "A home run! Go it! Go it!" and he does his best. The Sophomore pitcher after this lost control of the ball and substitutes who succeeded him could not retrieve the loss. The score in the Freshmen's interest was growing unbecomingly large. The close found it 4 to 12.

Commencement week was approaching and Reunion Day was not far off. The members of the Irreconcilables and the Shield were doing their utmost to make the last days of their warfare profitable. It was now unsafe for members of either band to display class colors, badges, medals, or any unusual finery. New hats were especially liable to seizure. Bicycles, left for any length of time, were stripped of their ornaments and often made useless by the absence of a pedal, seat or handle-bars. Rooms could not be left unguarded during the afternoon and evening hours.

The large assembly room in Atterbury Hall was brilliantly lit up. At one end stood two long tables loaded as for a banquet. The two opposite doors open, and from each issues a prince followed by his attendants and baggage train. In the one we recognize Cap., leader of the Irreconcilables, clothed in robes of purple and white, wearing a high crown of gilded paper. The other is Dwight of the Shield, dressed in crimson and black.

After due ceremony the two chiefs and their advisers discuss terms of peace. The Freshmen rose and spoke the following:

"Sophomores, Gentlemen, In the long struggle for our right and privileges as students of Musefield we have hailed this day drawing ever near. Today after almost nine months of constant

fighting and bitter intrigue we find ourselves in a position where we can command your attention. We have met you in the fray, have proven your equals in the arts of strategy. We have demonstrated to you the justice of our cause and the valor of our arms. As proof of our prowess, history points to the fight at Fross Street gate, to our glorious retreat from the critical position on the Gridiron last November, again at the storming of Tecumseh, and but recently on the diamond on Athlius Field. We demand fellowship and representation. For this principle we have fought, on this principle we stand, and with this principle we will fall if fall we must."

"And the Freshmen said such things." Then the Sophomores arose and answered:

"Freshmen, Heroes, You have done valiantly. You have proven yourself worthy of fellowship and representation at Musefield. We have listened to your demands and will concede, if you agree to three conditions prescribed by us. These conditions you must agree to, for the austerity of this body cannot deviate so much as a syllable from the injunctions handed down to us by our predecessors. These stipulations are:

First, That you shall be obedient to your superiors, never to oppose them nor engage with them in open conflict.

Secondly, That you shall subdue, civilize and cause to become worthy students of Musefield, all manner of people migrating here as Freshmen.

Thirdly, That you will defend the sacred precincts of Old Tecumseh from all approach of said Freshmen, and further that you will keep the sacred shades of said shrine well raked and garnished. Do you hereto set your seal and honor?"

"We pledge our honor and bear witness hereto with our hand."

Thereupon the articles are signed. A general handshake follows. The peace pipes are lit. The chiefs exchange presents and then all sit down to the banquet.

J. De Hollander, '03.

x x x

The Poet-Soul.

Truer poet is there none,
Than he who loves all Nature's deeds,
And finds a lesson there each day,
To satisfy his greatest needs.

All hearts cannot their thoughts express
In words that point and lift above;
But all can think a poet's thoughts,
And show by acts a poet's love.

Willis G. Hockje, "A."

Made Perfect Thro Suffering.

It is said that Schopenhauer had no great love for the French, but that he was prevented from taking up arms against them by the reflection that "Napoleon gave after all only concentrated and untrammelled utterance to that self-assertion and lust for more life which weaker mortals feel but must perforce disguise." Whether or not this is the true philosophy of Napoleon's life, I cannot say; the fact certainly has in it the elements of tragedy. In his eager reach for more life the genius of Napoleon led him to break thro all restraint, legal, social and moral; in his impatience for freedom he dashed thro the circle set as a limit to every man's life, and the result was an unrelenting retribution—St. Helena.

We are apt to admire natures that are endowed with rich and varied powers, when they throw off restraint and give untrammelled expression to the conscious self. Governed only by passion, or will, or mere impulse, they make a bold dash for freedom and self-assertion, but in the sequence they find themselves, as a rule, the objects of the world's commiseration. For in this lawless and destructive course, they come into collision with natural conditions, the established order of society, the unwritten laws of life and nature. However grand and picturesque their figures may seem as they pass over the stage of life, they are in essence lawbreakers, and as such must bear the penalty and the inevitable retribution. They become the victims of appalling calamities, superhuman sorrows, which beat and buffet them into subjection and self-surrender ere the final expiation sets them free. This is one of the elements of tragedy.

This principle is well illustrated in the history of King Lear. Weak and violent Lear is the victim of unrestrained and terrible passions. Each act or word that thwarts his will plunges him into transports of fury, in which he commits some new rash and lawless deed. His anger, burning at a white heat, consumes the vitality of his reason and paralyzes his will. He is flattered by the false pretensions of love on the part of his older daughters. In a fit of rage he disowns his youngest child, because her love appears to him cold, whereas it is silent and tranquil because of its depth and fulness. He banishes the noble Kent who tries to recall him to reasonableness. One act of folly follows another. In the delirium of his madness he is thrown out of relation with the laws of life which are the laws of God. Lear is a lawbreaker, and the appalling sorrows which overtake him are but the very natural consequences of the collision between the impulse of his passion and the moral order of society.

The scene of King Lear out in the storm at night is one of the sublime passages of Shakespeare. What a striking harmony between the tempest in Lear's soul and the warring elements

overhead; with what consummate art does the author succeed in heightening the effect of the former by means of the latter. Lear has now fully realized the incredible treacheries of his daughters. They have cast him off at night—and such a night, when sheets of fire cleave the air and bursts of horrid thunder groan and roar. Lear is out on the heath, contending with the fretful elements and bidding the all-shaking thunder strike flat the thick rotundity of the earth. The roaring wind and rain, the hot executing fires and oak cleaving thunder-bolts in the sky are terribly indicative of the speed and force of his inward rage. Such terrible passion is more than the human frame can sustain. The shocks and transports of fury finally unseat his reason. He becomes incoherent; and when the tempest in his soul has spent its fury, the old man subsides into weak imbecility. The last glimpse that we get of him before he meets his disowned child is in the country where he wanders fantastically decked with weeds and wild flowers. Reason is gone. But even then the one idea rooted in his distracted brain is the treachery of his daughters. To this he refers in his insane chattering again and again with such pertinency that Edgar must perforce exclaim, "O, reason in madness."

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the meeting between this shattered old man and Cordelia, his renounced but still faithful daughter. Thro her tender care, under the soothing effect of soft music, reason returns and he recollects her. The old man is subdued. He is now contented, tender, happy in her love. He is satisfied even to lodge in prison, if only in her presence. He can no longer live without her. When she is dead his heart breaks, and the old man is liberated from the rack of this tough world. Suffering has been his heritage—suffering, it is true, due to his own insubordination to the laws of life, but suffering that has purged the dross from his soul and made him ripe for a higher existence.

Made perfect thro suffering is a principle illustrated in many forms of higher literature. Jean Valjean, the convict, the villain, came in contact with a pious bishop and a concrete idea of real goodness entered his heart. Then followed a long life of struggle, of suffering, intense suffering that subdued the villainy of his nature and evolved the virtue implanted. While the death agony was upon him, he laid a crucifix upon the table and said, "There is a great Martyr." Then Jean Valjean, the sufferer, the martyr, died a saint who justified God's ways with men.

Browning bids Saul the mistake, Saul the failure, the ruin that he seems, awake from the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find himself clear and safe in new light and new life—

"By the pain-throb triumphantly winning intensified bliss
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggle of this."

The student of such tragedies, in which the struggle for vir-

tue culminates in death, gains an insight into the darker evils of the world, that is at times disturbing. He is almost terrified at the thought that such passions as treachery, revenge, and cruelty rule in the world. But he is saved from despair, from pessimism, by the fuller perception of the deeper springs of human goodness, which these same tragedies discover. The banished Kent serves his royal master in disguise. The outlawed Edgar, feigning idiocy, serves his pitiable father. What transcendent conceptions of loyalty and filial duty. Nobleness, honor, love, tenderness—we learn that these are worth infinitely more in life than worldly ease or commercial success. Fidelity to these in the most tragic experiences is possible only thro the loss of life. In Cordelia love conquers, but her sweet life is sacrificed in the victory. Death, however, was no loss to Cordelia, and the supremacy of virtue and love and truth was of infinite value to the world. So long as these virtues prevail there is hope, for it is these that must redeem man.

Victor Hugo says, "In this world, which is evidently the vestibule of another, there are no happy beings." Suffering is the lot of man. But suffering thro which such virtues conquer, opens the golden portals of another world.

William Miedema, '93.

~ ~ ~

A Call from Arabia.

When I was a student at Hope, I recall how pleased I was to hear about her sons and daughters who have gone far and wide thro-out the whole world. Trusting that the same spirit of interest still exists, I venture to write a line or two. Seated alone in a small but comfortable room, my thoughts are occupied not so much with the past as with the future. Whenever I do look backward my heart is filled with gratitude that I am here. This gratitude is only increased when I look forward, even tho it be a future devoid of ease and comforts, the recollection of which enjoyed in the Occident, affords a contrast not so hard to bear as many suppose. The land of Arabia is not the place one would choose in which to spend his vacations. It is a land in which the missionary must count the cost—nay, the cost must have been counted before he leaves his own country. Still, to one who is content wherever God has placed him, Arabia is not so bad after all, at least not in the cool season. What the hot season will be is as yet unknown to me, save from hearsay. What inconveniences me at present more than the climate is my ignorance of the Arabic language. I have had just eight days at it so far with a native teacher whom I must first teach in order that he may teach me. He is a good fellow and means well. But after all I must do the most myself. Arabic is a most beautiful

language. The man who sees no beauty in this language when he hears it spoken by the natives must be devoid of the sense of the beautiful in the linguistic line.

The country and the language are beautiful, but O the awful contrast, the religion offers! In Arabia—the Cradle of Islam—one sees Mohammedanism as it is: pure and simple. Modesty forbids me to describe what I have seen during the few days I have been here.

But I do not write these lines to give you a description of the land or the language or the religion of Arabia—I may do this in the future—but I write for another purpose. At our annual meeting held in Busrah a resolution was passed which I must tell you of with the hope that possibly some one may be interested, and I hope and pray, INTENSELY interested. The resolution reads as follows:

“Resolved, that in view of the present needs and promises for Arabia, we ask the Board to send us at once the following reinforcements: Two single ladies for evangelistic work; a physician for touring in Oman; a specially qualified missionary—lay, medical, or clerical—for work among the Bedouins.”

Who says that the work in Arabia is at a standstill? Who says the doors in Arabia are closed? Who can read this appeal for reinforcements unaffected? O that the Christians at home could see the field with the eyes of those in the heart of the battle! Of course, we need these reinforcements *at once*, so that this debar any of Hope's present students from coming. But these four men need that which you can furnish. “The laborer is worthy of his hire.” Are you interested in Missions? Are you especially interested in Arabia? If not, you should be. Whose heart can be so cold as to be unmoved at the remembrance that one of the sons of Hope has been offered a sacrifice for Arabia! Another son, not of Hope, has found his grave in this land. As has often been the case, the death of a man in a country he can never call his own has been the means of sending out new recruits. As the call comes from distant Arabia: “Send us reinforcements to fill up the gaps and to enlarge the work”, I am as certain that these men will be given us as that there is a God in heaven, and I am confident that He will provide for them too. But do you not wish to be used of God to aid in the extension of God's kingdom here? I have a little plan which I would suggest to you. In Hope, all told, there are 250 students. The salary of an unmarried missionary is \$700 a year. My proposition is that the students of Hope club together to be financially responsible for one missionary whom you can call “your own.” What is \$700 for 250 students! I am sure that each student can, IF HE WILL, afford three dollars a year, and for what a cause!! To add interest in the matter, ask Dr. Cobb if you may pay the salary of the missionary we ask for to tour in Oman. This great

province is as yet unexplored. Think of the interesting letters he could send you! Nay, consider rather the good he can, and, by the grace of God, will accomplish. If you think three dollars per capita is too great a burden, ask your Professors to help you. When I was at college they always gave me what I asked for, and I am sure they will do the same if you but suggest this plan to them. If need be, you have the “Seminole” to interest in this plan. So far as I know, Hope is not directly responsible for a single missionary in the field, but I know from experience that you can do it, if you want to. You have no difficulty in getting a few dollars from the students for foot-ball purposes. Will you do less in the matter of missions? Many colleges support their own missionary. Why not Hope? I noticed in a recent number of “De Hope”, that nearly \$3,000 has been raised for the Boers in Transvaal. Think of it! This only shows what can be done when it is proved that it must be done.

I wish you could take a look at the condition of things in Arabia. Nine missionaries among 20,000,000 Mohammedans! Who of Hope's students wishes to do some missionary work at home? Let him or them make a thoro canvas of the students and of the professors to raise the meagre sum of \$700. I would suggest that the Y. M. C. A. take it up. Go to the neighboring churches and talk on Missions. Take a quartette with you and have a collection. Could you put to greater advantage the proceeds gained from the concerts given by the Glee Club? These are but a few suggestions. The appeal comes from afar with an earnestness which knows no bounds: “Give these desert sons to drink.” God bless you in your deliberations in regard to this intensely serious matter. What will you do about it?

BAHREIN, Jan. 29, 1900.

Harry J. Wiersum, '96.

x x x

We give above a letter from Rev. H. J. Wiersum, a recent graduate from Hope, now engaged in the active work, for which he was instrumental, along with several others, in creating a lasting interest in our college. He now sees the great needs of Arabia more completely than he ever imagined them to be. His call comes now, not to *go* but to *give*. If the plan he suggests and is praying for succeeds, Hope will have another reason for calling herself distinctively a “missionary school.”

The following plan has been formulated by several students in connection with the President of the Y. M. C. A. and the chairman of the missionary committee: That, by means of the ANCHOR, and by solicitations on the part of the Y. M. C. A., a systematic effort be made to secure one hundred pledges from students, alumni, and friends of Hope, each pledge promising the amount of seven dollars for a period of five years. This will secure the necessary amount, and that for an extended period. We are sure that, just as the letter suggests, we have in this un-

dertaking the hearty coöperation of our faculty and the members of the Seminary. Those who wish to help in this plan of sending another soldier to fight in the ranks of the Gospel against the formidable following of Islam, those who can afford to give seven dollars for the promotion of Christ's kingdom, are kindly requested to write either to the President of the Y. M. C. A. or to the ANCHOR to that effect and the pledge card will be sent, with the prayer that we may thus enable our church to have one more laborer abroad.—[Ed.]

x x x

EDITORIALS.

The April number of the ANCHOR again ushers in its annual change. Last year's spring cleaning was prophetic of almost a total subversion during the coming twelve-month. The close of the year's work found but two of the staff in positions given them a year ago.

The election in October of Mr. Steunenberg as editor-in-chief proved a wise choice. His work has been aggressive along lines of development. The short-story and substantial essay held the place they deserved, and the standard of the paper has been so well maintained as to deserve the favorable comments other college journals have been pleased to bestow upon it.

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We feel grateful to the students for the honor that has been bestowed upon us, under such unexpected circumstances, by a second election to the position of editor-in-chief. Last year's work was interrupted by a disagreeable misunderstanding, for which we deserve censure more than any one else. We hope such circumstances will not again arise,—there will at least be no occasion on our part.

To insure the ANCHOR a prosperous and successful year, we have but to urge the students to continue the loyal support of the past. Material for the literary department has never yet been lacking. To those who contemplate a first contribution, we would suggest all suppression of undue modesty. To such we promise an unprejudiced consideration of everything submitted.

x x x

Our Serial.

We give the honor position this month to the concluding chapter of J. DeHollander's story. It certainly deserves a few words of comment. The unity of the tale is noticeable, especially. The end is not hurried, nor out of proportion with the preceding, as is so often the fault with beginners. Then, too, there

is strong evidence of a sense of local color. The whole story breathes the college atmosphere and evidences the author's power of observation.

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Are Comparisons Odious?

"Majuba avenged!" A small army of about forty thousand men under General Roberts captured a mighty host of about four thousand under General Cronje. Quite like Majuba where one hundred and fifty men under Joubert seized seven hundred men under Colley, and the latter entrenched in an almost impregnable mountain top.

x x x

A Good Vocabulary.

Study should result, not only in creative power, but as well in the power of expression. Ability to express one's ideas in apt, well chosen words is an acquirement worthy of the student's careful attention. It is by our speech that many judge us. Hence, a few minutes given each day towards increasing one's vocabulary, is time well spent. If, in one's reading and study, every new word were made note of, and daily a few of these were made one's own, wonderful results would appear; and the spare moments devoted to this, would yield rich returns.

x x x

The Transvaal Situation.

We are glad to hear that affairs in the Transvaal are progressing so excellently. The "imperial British civilization" will soon be shot into the Boers with a few thousand more Lyddite shells. Grand! Is it not remarkable that the world can be so blind as not to recognize the "Bull" on his pinnacle of illustrious deeds? Just sweep the page of history and you must light upon his heroic and gallant struggles. Think of the Opium War, the Sepoy Rebellion, the War with American Colonies! Well for William McKinley that he sees all this. He shall have his reward. 'John' stood by him in a critical hour during the Cuban-Spanish war. Should he not reciprocate? Never mind principle. The next election will bring a vast support from England, and if 'Billy' should fail even then, no doubt 'Johnny' will put him on the pension list with the widows of the heroes fallen in South Africa.

x x x

The State Contest.

Another month, and our large delegation will be ready to board the train for Kalamazoo. Before that time comes there is much left to be done. The encouragement we are to give our orator can not be given only by the display of a burst of enthusi-

asm on May 4. We must begin to be enthusiastic now. Bear in mind that we shall not be at home,—that we can not look for the support of the greater part of the audience. This year about fifty will have to do what over two hundred did last year. Let the old songs be practised anew,—they are good. But we need new ones as well, some that shall be appropriate to the occasion. Let some of our poet's begin to court the muse of Music. And then there is the matter of yells. H-O-P-E is the good old stand-by, but we need others. It is but the beginning of our elocution for Kazoo. Let us get started so that there may be a flood of yells to choose from when the yell-committee begins its work. Don't expect them to get out something good in a few days. Rack your brains for any suggestions that will make Hope's delegation the best as well as the largest.

x x x

Be Definite.

The lack of a definite purpose is the cause of many a student's failure. Many are satisfied with simply getting a general idea of a subject, a smattering of many things, but a clear, definite view of none. Such study cannot produce the best results. But we find this fault prevalent also in other phases of college life. In the few minutes devoted to general reading, how much more might be accomplished, if a definite plan were followed! If in one's physical exercise, special attention were given to the organs most needing development, what different results would be obtained! In the development of the spiritual life, as well, definiteness of purpose would be very helpful. When compared with the years of active life to which he looks forward, the student's period of preparation is very short. It is far too short to be wasted by aimlessness. Each moment is an opportunity which, once lost, is gone forever. Much time and energy might be spared by following the rule: In all things, be definite. More work could be accomplished, and greater benefit would be received from everything undertaken, if a fixed aim were kept constantly before the mind. This is the secret of success in student life. In the concentration of forces lies the student's strength. With careful planning, double the usual amount of work might be performed, while a habit would be formed which would prove of inestimable value in after life.

x x x

Our Lecture Course.

A previous editorial under this heading would almost, if not fully, warrant the conclusion that our lecture course of this year was a failure. The truth of the matter is, however, that the editorial alluded to by no means represents the opinion of the studentry in general nor that of the community at large; and it would

also have quite a different tenor had the editor taken the full benefit of the lecture course by attending the various entertainments offered. Who shall deny that the evening of the "*Rose Maiden*" was a pleasant and profitable hour? Again, who did not feel inspired when Max Bendix drew his magic bow over his instrument; when Carberry's voice rang out with its unusually captivating clearness and sweetness? If these do not furnish a man with an inspiration, I pity the poor soul, who must have fallen into a state of stolid apathy whence he had better arouse himself at the earliest opportune moment. Why, eternal wings seem to fan the imagination till its flames kiss the very heavens! But was Carleton a failure, perhaps? It is not necessary here to commend either the speaker or his production. I have heard no dissenting voice to his praise. They are all unanimous on that point.

These three comprise the half of our lecture course, and to mention the name of Prof. Trueblood in addition, is but to revive a happy recollection of an able and instructive rendering of "*Hamlet*", and of an object lesson in self-possession on the stage. Surely, whatever any one may call the lecture course, to call it a failure would reveal inconsiderateness and a lack of appreciation, not only, but would also cast an undeserved slur upon the ability and reputation of able men and of artists.

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We agree heartily, however, with the editor that "the choice of the evening is a very important factor." If students are expected to co-operate with the professor in charge of the Lecture Course, he should not infringe upon their evening devoted to literary societies, to the degree this was done during the past season. And it seems to us that this is not asking overmuch, since all the literary societies meet on one and the same night. To snatch a few of these evenings away has a most disastrous effect. Consequently it is not at all surprising that many, and the best, society men were quite discouraged with that part of our lecture course. But we all live in the hope that this shall be amended in the future.

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John Ruskin.

Since January 20 of this year, when John Ruskin parted this life, he has been the subject of more conversation and literature than probably any other author these five decades. Biography and reminiscence were but waiting to add the last date, the day of parting. Critics had been looking forward to that day with a sort of unacknowledged restive selfishness firmly believing that it would mark the dawn of a new era in literary criticism. But

biographers have not been able to tell us much more than we already knew about this great versatile soul. Much of the work of reminiscencers is intolerably insipid, while critics can but repeat as a system the comments that were made upon his work as they appeared. To venture saying anything, then, when almost all that can be said is afloat in current literature, may seem a presumptuous undertaking. But every individual has his own peculiar way of regarding another, and it is only as an expression of this individual regard that these brief remarks are justified.

One has looked upon Ruskin as a painter, tho he has never created for us a masterpiece; another thinks him a poet, tho nothing can be found worthy of ranking with the work of his colleague *in natura*, Wordsworth; another sees in him a teacher, tho he has not the systematized philosophy so favored by the world's great educators. But all these men find ample ground for their views, tho they are really but phases of one mission,—Ruskin may be called an *inspirer*. Vague and general tho the term may appear, and inclusive of all his faculties, it seems that this alone can express in one word the life-work of Ruskin.

Ruskin was not original. His was the work of breathing into his fellow-men the stirring interest of ideals in art and life. These ideals were not his own as masterpieces of creative genius, but he had appropriated them by right of discovery and improvement. This justifies possession in the opinion of any Englishman, whether it be the realm of mind or matter.

Whence then came his ideals in which we all discover the stirring spirit of the inspirer? From other systems, whose founders we know not, in many cases. We only know the ideals were imperfect and dead, for they wrought naught. And we know that when Ruskin came upon them the world recognized that there were hitherto unaccepted and unrealized ideals, tho they were not unknown. Whence had these men taken the ideals which it was his mission to modify? From the wide realms of Art, Life, and Revelation. These differing origins also account for the different views men take of Ruskin's lifework. Art furnished the ideals for the painter, Art and Life for the poet, Life and Revelation for the teacher, Revelation for the preacher.

To take up the rough hewn marble and prospective plans of others and combine them into a statue, requires ability. To form an acceptable and comely ideal of the crazed emanations of a genius' brain, requires genius, tho of a different type. The former has created from chaos a world, orderly and lightened, but barren and unattractive; the latter must construct an Eden out of the clods and the embryos. To make acceptable constructive ideals of Art, one must have the genius of a painter; to make a pleasant interpretation of ideals of Life and Nature, one must have the genius of the poet; to elevate mankind intellectually and socially one must have the genius of the teacher and philan-

thropist: to make real the ideals of Revelation, one must have the genius of a preacher.

Such powers Ruskin had. His word-pictures are as comprehensive and suggestive as the products of the brush wrought by his friends, Turner and Millais. There is in them the magnificence of majesty, the suggestiveness of sublimity, the regularity of beauty. Each word is well chosen and is a power in itself to impress upon the readers the splendor—not dazzling—of the image of the ideal Truth. They evidence the last touching chisel-stroke of the painstaking sculptor of thought. And withal there is the persuasive and stirring eloquence of conviction, which evidences the laboring consciousness of a mission to be performed.

So much for his style. His power is no less telling in his interpretation of *Nature*. This word suggests Wordsworth, and the poet suggests Ruskin, the successor of the great Nature worshipper. There is ever in Ruskin that suggestive sensibility and sensible passion for the handiwork of God. Nature to him ever seems an Eden, unmarred by sin, because, like Wordsworth, he was endowed with genius, and that means the God-gift of seeing the Creator in his creation "face to face", unhindered by the distorting glamour of groaning decay.

Thus Ruskin, the *inspirer*, seems most comprehensive, but Ruskin, the *teacher*, is no doubt most suggestive. His efforts were ever permeated with a moral aim. Whether he was penning *Sesame and Lilies* or his other chosen classics; whether he was formulating his dogma of art; or whether he was in the slums striving to assist the victims of poverty and vice, the poor wretches hurled at a tangent from society by its centrifugal force, he had ever before him the amelioration of the good, the elevation of the bad. He was ever teaching men "to read, to think, to love, to pray." He was ever striving to "make men happy."

Janice Meredith.

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Athletics.

The Gymnasium Association held its annual election of officers on Thursday, March 1. The following officers were elected: President, E. J. Strick; secretary and treasurer, W. H. De Kleine; members of the cabinet, E. R. Kruisenga, E. C. Stanton, C. VanderMel, and D. Bekius.

That these officers were wisely chosen is shown by the active work that has already been planned and executed. Much needed apparatus in several departments of the regular training work has been secured and the purchase of more is contemplated. A new dressing-room has also been provided,—one step in the right direction of needed reform.

An exhibition and contest has also been arranged. The systematic drill of the Freshman class on our spring exhibition day, which is now to be revived and which will occur this year on April 21, promises to furnish an interesting number on the athletic program. Let all do their best to show the members of the Council what we can do and give them an inkling of what we could do if we had but the needed stimulus,—an opportunity to participate in an Inter-collegiate Field-day. Prizes have been offered to the amount of ten dollars if ten members of the Association will participate. Don't let this go by, fellows, for lack of a sufficient number of competitors. The purpose is not to have one or two "show off" but to maintain the spirit of profitable and purposeful competition in many. Always think of our athletic goal, and do all you can to help us reach it, even if you have to come out near the end in a contest.

There are prospects, too, that our young ladies will have an opportunity to do what our young men are doing,—that they will have an opportunity to get more than mere intellectual development. The outlook for their basket-ball team is no longer a vision. The Gymnasium Association has kindly tendered them the use of the building one day a week. We only await the consent of the faculty, and we cannot doubt but that will soon be forthcoming. Then, look out for Hope girls!

An enthusiastic meeting of the Foot-ball Association was held on March 8, for the purpose of electing officers for the season of 1900. The following members were elected to the respective offices: Manager, Henry J. Steketee; secretary and treasurer, John DeYoung; mascot, E. Langeland. It was also decided to draw up a new constitution, which is to be reported upon at the next meeting of the Association. Even tho the season for interest in this sport is past, the spirit shown at this meeting was such as to warrant us in saying that the foot-ball season of 1900 will be full of lively interest for Hope.

The enthusiasm displayed at the meeting of the Base-ball Association on March 15 was unbounded. Professor Bergen's room was completely filled with members of the Association. The following are the officers for this season: Manager, N. E. VanDam; secretary and treasurer, J. DeHollander; member of executive committee, H. Hyink; mascot, John VanZomeran.

There is no reason for discouragement this year. With such interest as was manifest when these officers were elected, base-ball will be more popular than ever at Hope. There is plenty of good material for the development of a first-class team. And the officers are determined that this year's team shall not be out-classed by previous ones.

All the students in general and the Base-ball Association in particular extend their hearty thanks to A. B. Bosman for his liberal gift of shirts and caps to the ball team; and to John VanderSluis for the stockings he has given the players. These merchants show their interest in the college and their appreciation of their student patronage. The students realize this and we know they will give these men their reward. These are the places to trade, fellows.

Dr. Kollen has offered to bear the expense of fixing up the base-ball field. Three cheers for the president.

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A Sweet Sextette.

Dedicated to the "FLYING SQUADRON" of the L. L. L.

Two Minnies and May and Hattie so free
And Lottie and Lena, as gay as could be,—
Six silly maidens on mischief inclined.
Dignified? Hardly; they had on their mind
But idle pursuit.

They scurried round corners till quite out of breath,
And, thanks to their fleetness, they were in at the death.
Their object? you ask, why, really they had none,
And if they did have, it was but the sad one
Of idle pursuit.

Did they get there? Well maybe they did, but we doubt it.
But they got something else, they'll ne'er go without it,—
Theirs now the honor of SPRINTERS and Nimrods so fleet,
And we tender our thanks for their lady-like feat
Of idle pursuit.

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Society Notes.

During the past month committees have been appointed and work has been fully organized for another campaign.

The prayer meetings are being well attended, as we feel the need of the quiet hour.

On March 1, Dr. Winter addressed us on "*The Conflict between Faith and Science*." The address was scholarly and logical in thought. He first disproved the supposed conflict between science and the Bible, as to creation, by showing that Nature and Scripture cannot be in opposition, for then would God be in conflict with himself; that, hence, the conflict is really between science and theology, the individual explanation of the Word.

The Doctor, an opponent of evolutionism, told us never to accept theories for facts, but rather to accept facts and multiply their interpretations.

On March 8 we had a missionary address on "*Jon Keith-Falconer*" by Prof. Dimment. In his philosophical introduction Prof. Dimment spoke concerning the beauty and the wisdom of variety, and showed Truth's wisdom to be greater than its mission or beauty; also that in "Infinite design there is possibility of Infinite development." The speaker then dealt with the life of the not over-devoted but painstaking student and Christian, who founded the first Arabian mission, and made an inroad on Mohammedanism.

On March 22 Prof. Ladd spoke to a well-filled house on the "*Relation of our Christian Institutions to our Church.*" He called the Sunday School the connecting link between church and home, spoke of the Y. M. C. A.'s three-fold objects, and named the Christian Endeavor the church's watch tower. As a conclusion, Mr. Ladd showed the importance of child-training as a future factor for good.

A temperance oratorical contest is to be held at Kalamazoo in June. Three prizes are offered. Students desirous of competing will notify our Y. M. C. A. president.

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Alumni Notes.

Friends in this city eagerly await the arrival of the Rev. A. Pieters, '87, and family from Kagoshima, Japan. They are expected about the seventh of April.

Rev. H. Vanderploeg, '92, of New Era, Mich., has received a call from the church at Coopersville.

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. TeSelle lost their oldest child, a little girl of eighteen months, by sudden death, during the last week of their stay at Carmel.

Rev. J. Siensema, '91, of Sheboygan, Wis., has declined the call from Oostburg, Wis.

Baptism was administered to Gerrit Huizenga, '97, in the Fountain Street Baptist Church of Grand Rapids, March 11, and he also preached there in the evening. The Fountain Street church expects to send Mr. Huizenga as a missionary to India upon the completion of his Seminary course this year.

Rev. H. J. Wiersum, '96, our missionary to Arabia, arrived safely at Busrah, December 29, after a long voyage of 116 days. Rev. Mr. Wiersum left here September 14.

The theological student, N. Boer, '97, has accepted a call from the Reformed church at Jamestown, and will begin his pastoral work upon completing his Seminary course.

Frederick VanAnrooy, '95, has accepted a position as subscription manager of *The Pilgrim*, an illustrated monthly magazine, published at Battle Creek, Mich. At present he is in Ohio. After his return he will make the states in the interests of his paper.

O. E. Aeilts, '97, of the Seminary has accepted a call from Clara City, Minn.

Hope College gets two-thirds of the honors at the New Brunswick Seminary commencement exercises. Messrs. G. A. Watermulder and A. L. Warnshuis, '97, are two of the three speakers. The other is C. P. Case, '97, Rutgers.

Rev. G. Gebhard, '78, late pastor of the Reformed church of Herkimer, N. Y., has been appointed Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education and in that capacity comes to a position on the editorial staff of the *Mission Field*, offices made vacant by the retirement of Dr. Mandeville, so well known to most of us. Says Rev. Gebhard in his "Salutatory" in the March *Mission Field*, "More and more apparent to all thoughtful persons must become the vital relation between our colleges and the cause of missions. The strength of the pulpit and of the pew and of their bearing toward missions fifteen years from date depends very largely upon the college teaching, life, and spirit of the present. Think of the brevity of the period in which the colleges could transform our missionary work."

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Senior Receptions.

Friday evening, March 2, Prof. and Mrs. A. J. Ladd entertained the members of the Senior class and their ladies. The house was beautifully decorated with the college and class colors and in fact everything was arranged in perfect harmony for the occasion.

The chief feature of the evening's entertainment was progressive crokinole, which was very pleasingly and successfully managed by Prof. J. B. Nykerk. Miss Jeanette Boer and John Straks won two dainty books as first prizes, while Van Zante and Huenneman received an abundance of consolation in being presented with a small lamp that they might have more light upon the subject.

Delicate refreshments were served, after which the company joined in singing familiar college songs. Every one pronounced the evening one of the happiest occasions afforded them during the year and upon departing pledged their warmest regards to their excellent host and hostess.

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Dr. and Mrs. G. J. Kollen most delightfully entertained the

Senior class at a six-o'clock dinner, Friday evening, March 16. After having heartily partaken of the spread of rich delicacies, several toasts were responded to by different members of the class. Tanis spoke of "The rock whence we were hewn, or the Preparatory Department"; Boot, "The College life of the class of 1900"; Van Zante, "What shall the harvest be?"; Legters, "The refining influence of woman as evinced by the influence of the one daughter of Eve in the class of 1900"; and the subject, "The relation of the college to the city", was responded to by A. T. Godfrey. During the course of the evening the company was favored with instrumental music by the Misses Estella Kollen and Henrietta Zwemer, and several selections were rendered in a most pleasing manner by the class male quartet. Crokinole was one of the chief features of the evening's entertainment. At a late hour the class disbanded, feeling that the occasion had been in every respect a triumph of social enjoyment.

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College Jottings.

Vive l'empereur! class.

Bert Winter made quite a success of his attempt at Sunday-school teaching March 11, tho he had to take a *nap* during the exercises.

Ben, don't make your appointment too early in the day. It may be forgotten ere evening comes. If it is not, it should be.

"Now really, Professor! *Professor!!* PROFESSOR NYKERK!!!"

Prof. Dimnent advises attendance for some of the Freshmen at the "Kindergarten across the way", and now the poor victims are wondering whether he referred to Prof. Sutphen's room, or the High School, or the Seminary.

Schipper works by-the-day, and he don't realize it, or we might really believe the statement that he is *shovelling* himself thro the Seminary.

No more jokes on Henry Sluyter. Well, we don't know about that. He is really in a position where something very interesting may turn up.

Wonder why TeKolste was so angry after the L. L. L. entertainment that he smashed his windows to get in his room?

"Are you *sane, Hessenius?*" This does sound nice for a poet but not for a gentleman who is talking in emphatic prose.

Sluyter says he longed for some one to come until some one came and then he longed for some one to go. And so did our honorable attorney graduate and one of the poor ushers.

Prof Dimnent no longer boards with "*Nick and Abe.*"

Well, VanZomerren, even if you do have the rebuttal in the debate on Lady Macbeth, you need not indulge in sleep-walks.

Brink is the only one that really makes an attempt to profit by the "presence of one of Eve's fair representatives in the class of 1900." He too seems to be the one that needs it most.

Meliphone Bust, a hazy cloud on commencement horizon. Its presence was first perceived by Will DeBruyn and he has already made preparations.

Under the caption of "Seminary Notes" we hope to give a full and interesting account next month of *Fedde's Mysterious Disappearance!*

Prof. Boers would have the Juniors attempt to write short essays by indulging only in short sentences! The basis for a *new* system of rhetoric!

Miss Winifred Kendal asks us to kindly publish the following: "Tho her voice comes from afar, Miss K. takes pleasure in informing the readers of the ANCHOR that she is not at present consecrating her genial rays to an *irresponsible youth*, or the shadow of a man. Moral, *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*"

The new student officers of the Intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. are: President, Brownell Gage, Union Seminary (Yale '98); First Vice President, A. J. A. Alexander, College of Physicians and Surgeons (Princeton '97); Second Vice President, H. B. Fernald, University College; Recording Secretary, C. D. Moses, Cornell Medical College (Cornell '99).

Prof. Nykerk has swapped hats with one of the Kindergarten boys. We are inclined to think the "kid" got the better of the bargain.

Mr. Van "Prussum" of the Biology class may in the near future write a short sketch giving his impressions of the "Diet at Worms."

"A" Class Poetry:

"It takes a man to write a poem,
And one with lots of time.
It's easy enough to find the words,
But it's hard to make them rhyme."

A. T. Broek says it is such a comfort to be visited in your lonely hours by a "friend." While he was sick, however, he did not know whether to call in the medical assistance of his brother-in-law or father-in-law.

Miss Rose Aykens, formerly a member of the class of '00, died Wednesday, March 7, at her home in George, Iowa. The class expresses sympathy with the bereaved relatives and friends.

Bekius, did you enjoy talking thro the telephone for two cents?

The Sophomores mourn the loss of one of their class-mates. Don C. Taylor has "launched out on the sea of holy matrimony." Evidently the study of "De Amicitia" proved too much for him.

"Sixteen to one"—The senior banquets.

Godfrey's favorite drink is coffee. They say he acquired the habit at the banquet held on March 5.

Steketee gives lectures free of charge on "correct *wording*."



A Reminiscence of the F. S. Meeting, March 9.

Prof. Zimmerman of the Pleasant Prairie Academy, Illinois, visited Hope College in the interests of that school, March 20 and 21.

What became of the ham sandwich, Steketee?

Brink is taking special lessons in domestic economy.

Miss H—t believes in a variety of bows(?). Truly, Lottie, "Variety is the spice of life."

From all appearances Godfrey is no longer free.

"Miss Milton you may mention some of the characteristics of Keppel's poetry!"

Steketee's favorite expression: "Go to *war*."

Prof. B. to Bekius—"Why are some bills thrown away?"

Bekius—"Miss *wording*."

Which? "The fat fairy or the fair fatty?"

Schaap is now diligently practising the art of Ventriloquism. If he keeps on he may soon become the college "hexe."

On March 2 and 9 respectively the L. L. L. met with the Cosmopolitan and Fraternal societies who entertained them with good programs, consisting of original stories and poems, essays, and declamations and musical selections. After the programs they had the usual sociable time, and they all felt they had spent pleasant and profitable evenings.

The world-wide reputation of Blokker and Dykema is at stake. They have joined the Third church choir.

A special sale,—You can get shot in the hardware store and "bums" in the saloon.

"Amceba is like some people, all mouth." This does not apply to you, Peter.

Spring is coming. VanZomerer has written some more poetry.

Stanton has found his mittens. He thought he had lost them; but it turns out that he had forgotten them on East Tenth street.

Take notes for Prof. Bergen. Be sure to bring paper.

The Misses VanHoute and Klomparens visited their former classmates March 6.

Cooper proved the truth of the saying, "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh", when in addressing Lottie he called her Miss Floyd.

Miss Jennie Huizenga visited the college March 8.

John E. Winter, '01, has been compelled to discontinue his work because of ill health. He has the deepest sympathy of his classmates.

The Freshmen mourn the loss of one of the ablest men in their class, J. J. Steffens, who is now busily engaged in pedagogic preparations. Success.

Have you tried that famous **Single Binder Cigar?**

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E. E. Sayad in the recent field day exhibition at the University of Michigan won one point in a wrestling contest with the Michigan champion, Wilson.

Tanis has not yet found the "missing link." Work on, you will find it.

Legters seems to have taken a decided interest in the factories of late.

V. D. M. (asked to give an example of a syllogism.)—All human beings are bad. I am a human being; therefore, I am bad.

Prof.—Yes, that's true; that's true.

"Every mistake in the class-room is a sin." It pays to "skip."

A new "Lady" at College. "Grand-mother Hubbard."

"To have or not to have" rhetorical seems to be the question with the "A" class at the present time.

"The wisdom of ages survives in books."—VanderHeide.

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